

LANGUAGE OF LEGS.

WHAT THE VARIOUS POSTURES ASSUMED IN PUBLIC INDICATE.

A Physiognomist Studies Human Nature in a Street Car—Curious Indications of Disposition and Character—Movements of the Eyelids.

"Did you notice that old man who just went past?" asked a young doctor the other day. "Well, he will sit with his right leg crossing the left."

"Why, what do you mean?"
"Nothing much. Only that any observer can tell what leg a man will cross by the way he wears his clothing."

"You don't mean to say that you know from the appearance of a person how they cross their feet?" I inquired.

"Yes, that's it. You don't believe it? Well, come with me. We'll take a short ride on a street car, and I'll prove my assertion to be true."

A few moments later saw me aboard a car, the sole occupant being a German woman with a basket.

"She don't count?" I suggested, inquiringly.

"Oh, yes. You can tell women just as well as men. She will put the left foot over the right." Almost before he had finished, as if to prove the truth of his statement, the left broad shoe was slowly put over the right.

ANALYZING A SUBJECT.

"There's a subject for us," he continued, as a thin young man with an immense walking cane entered the door. "Look how neatly his coat fits; see how his silk hat shines; observe his polished boots. You will notice the height of his collar and his spotless linen. All right now. That man will pull his pantaloons gently at the knee, and then with care cross the right leg over the left."

It was getting rather interesting, and it was with delight I welcomed another passenger. He was fair and fat, but more than forty. His ruddy, over hanging cheeks rivaled his scanty locks in the fashionable tint, "town red." His weight was something remarkable, judged from the space he occupied, but, despite this fact, he dropped but one fare in the box.

"A cherub, eh?" said the physiognomist. "Now, that man is lazy. See how limp his collar is, and how unclean his cuffs. Even the age of slobbering is not past, which is responsible for those marks on his coat. Now, one glance is sufficient to show that he will use great work to get the left leg over the right. See him? It's a difficult task, but he imagines that it is as nicely crossed as any man's can be."

"You will find the majority of people are not over neat about their appearance. While they may be cleanly enough, they haven't much pride in the fit of their clothing; consequently, most people give the preference to the left foot. It is even noticeable by the hands. See our fat man; see how snugly he crosses the right hand with the left. It's the most interesting study one can have, the study of human nature. I practice at it continually. I have taught myself to read people's thoughts."

THE STUDENT CONTINUES.

The car by this time was comfortably filled. Along the opposite side, with the exception of the old man, the left leg was crossing the right. One woman out of the four female passengers crossed right, and if appearance counts for aught I could have told it would be so.

"Another thing I have studied," continued this student of human nature, "and that is the movement of the eyelids. If I want to tell a woman's temper I watch her eyelids. You can read a man in the same way, but not so readily. A woman with a fiery temper will move her eyelids with a snap, and that snap betrays her. Another who is easy going and hard to arouse moves her eyelids languidly. One with a quick brain and a temper furious when aroused justly winks steadily, but neither quickly nor slowly until engaged in interesting conversation. Even bright thoughts will cause her eyelids to move with rapidity and show the state of the brain as well as her temper."

"Why do I study these human points?" you ask. In the first place, because it is interesting to me, and next, because it is useful for a man in public life to have an insight into human nature. When we have learned just such little things as these we can more quickly tell the men or women we come in contact with, which is always an advantage. Clothing, hats, seal sacs, even a place where a button should be, partakes of the character of the wearer and tells a student as plain as print with

whom he has to deal."—New York Journal.

Wolves as Herders.

A few days ago, while hunting antelope on the divide between Horse and Adobe creeks, I came in sight of a band of wolves, thirty or more, which were closely herding about 200 head of range cattle. My curiosity to learn their object induced me to remain a couple of days in seeing distance to observe their actions. When my attention was first drawn to the wolves they were together in the rear of the cattle, but very soon they separated and surrounded the gradually outspreading herd and chased the animals together. They would then await the notions of an apparent leader, who would run into the bunch, cut out a calf, when the rest would rush to him, help throw and hastily tear out its entrails. Thus mangled they would leave it, separate, and run swiftly to surround the now fleeing cattle, again round them up, single out another calf, throw and leave it in a dying condition. If any of the older animals hung back and showed fight they would be instantly hamstringed and left thus disabled.

In no instance did the wolves seem disposed to further mutilate these old animals. This maneuvering was repeated time and again, until the wolves must have satiated their taste for blood. Then these varmints seemed to be inspired by the teaching of the author, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," for they would raise a hideous howl, which effect on the cattle was not satisfactory, for they would trail out and try to get away, when they would again be chased close together and held to await further action. How large this bunch was when the wolves first gathered them together I have no means of knowing, but am satisfied that the wolves and cattle will be inseparable until the calves are all killed. Then I think they will gather another and again another bunch and kill all the young. I counted in two days eleven calves, some yet alive, with their entrails protruding from their sides, besides seven large and older ones with their hind legs rendered useless.—Elbert (Colo.) Tribune.

A Wyoming Cloudburst.

Of all the phenomena of the country the aerial are the most curious and uncertain. Your first impression of a great sand land "draw" is that it is the result of years of gradual washing, but the interruption of an old trail hundreds of yards from its head soon ends the beautiful theory, and a companion will show you a yawning gulch formed at the beak of a single cloudburst, whose discharge will fill the "draw" half full in an instant and raise a rivulet to which it is tributary twenty feet in as many minutes. The duration of irrigating improvements upon such streams is usually six months. Then at no moment are you certain—rain out of a clear sky, clouds below you, in the midst of clouds, riding below the clouds, and at the edge of a storm and avoiding it—all these things so preposterous in well formed storm centers as we are accustomed to see them in the east are among the common things here, where nature is scarcely old enough to be comely, or experienced enough to practice temperance. Think of hail stones as big as your fist and of their effect upon a growing crop.—Wyoming Cor. Detroit Free Press.

The Death of Gen. Ewell.

The circumstances of the death of Gen. Ewell, of Tennessee, were both pathetic and amusing. At the close of the war Gen. Ewell bought a large quantity of clothing from the quartermaster's department for the use of the hands upon his plantation. One wet, blustering day Gen. Ewell, who was rather careless about his attire, put on a pair of soldier's trousers taken from his stock, and walked about in the wind and rain superintending the work in his fields. The trousers were much thinner than those he had been in the habit of wearing, and in consequence he caught a cold, which developed into pneumonia, and eventually caused his death. As he lay upon his deathbed he turned to a friend and said: "Well, this is strange. I have fought in nearly all the battles along the Potomac and have been badly wounded, but escaped with my life, and thought I was safe from all dangers from the work; but here I am at last, dying of a pair of Yankee breeches." The old general's courage was as unflinching in the presence of death as it had always been, and he may be said to have died with a jest upon his lips.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

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